POEMS

BY

The Rev. HENRY ROWE, LL.B.

Rector of RINGSHALL, in SUFFOLK.

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The Rev^d. HENRY ROWE, LL.B.

Rector of RINGSHALL in SUFFOLK.

——Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n and Morn,
Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose.

MILTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ETON COLLEGE.

ETON COLLEGE.

I.

FAM'D as of old Hesperian * lands,
Thy Vale like Tempe † bright:
The Theme an abler Bard demands,
Elysium, to the sight.

II.

Lo! the gay Sun with ruddy face,
Brisk rising from his bed;
The East to fire, the fog to chase,
The morn, to roseate wed.

* Hesperian lands—remarkable in Heathen Mythology for a Garden of Golden Apples.

† Tempe—a beautiful Valley in Thessaly.

III.

Henry ‖ thy Tow'rs a blazing ſtar
Encompaſs'd by the cloud,
Like Sirius §, barking from afar,
Exulting in their ſhroud.

IV.

Thy painted lawns, thy ſpires, inlaid,
For centuries renown'd,
Like beamy ſhields in gold array'd,
Saluting all around.

V.

The verdant earth's rich carpet ſpread,
Ah! long lov'd pleaſing ſeat;
Where by the Sylvan Muſes led,
A wilderneſs of ſweet.

‖ Henry—King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

§ Sirius—The Dog Star.

Ah!

VI.

Ah! happy ſpot, ah! ſmiling fields,
Where temperate the day,
Where godlike Nature pliant yields,
To dance the hours away.

VII.

Free from the varied ills that wait,
On man's more ſable reign;
Where miſery attends the gate,
To cloſe a life of pain.

VIII.

Subſiding vallies ſhades behold,
To contemplation dear;
Like Druids calm retreat of old,
When wrapt in holy prayer.

IX.

Like Princes tho' forbade to roam,
Still new the circling round,
Inur'd the mind blithe joys at home,
Eternally abound.

X.

Nor here in ſeeking vain the toil,
Of that you'd wiſh to find:
Contentment is alone a ſoil,
T' enrich the human mind.

XI.

Methinks each anxious tale I hear,
Suſpicion bids conceal,
Unknown to ſtay the ſtarting tear,
Diſſembling what they feel.

Unknown

XII.

Unknown of moral ills the ſource,
The world not yet unkind;
Contentious gales forgot their courſe,
Each kiſs, a ſouthern wind.

XIII.

Alluring paſtime Wiſdom gives
To ſcientific ſtore,
The limpid brook the heart revives,
As Gambia's golden ſhore.

XIV.

View, where reclin'd beneath the elm,
Some youthful Pindar ſings:
Some boy, perhaps, to guide the helm,
A nation's off'ring brings.

XV.

Hark, where the cloiſter'd roofs reſound,
Full blown the early bloom;
Well ſkill'd in claſſic lore profound,
In learning's fruitful womb.

XVI.

While others bent on dalliance mild,
In innocent employ,
Burſt forth in native wood-notes wild,
In rhapſody of joy.

XVII.

Endearment ſooth'd, the leſſon fir'd,
The lute harmonious ſtrung,
Which Horace, plaintive Bard, inſpir'd,
Which Homer ſweetly ſung.

XVIII.

The fragrant breath that gently breath'd,
That curl'd the babb'ling ſtream;
That whiſp'ring ſpoke, as tho' bequeath'd,
To wake th' enchanted theme.

XIX.

See Thames, of ancient Bards approv'd,
To thy embraces runs;
Tho' truant here, yet moſt belov'd,
Of Ocean's fav'rite ſons.

XX.

Magician like, with whiten'd wand,
To tempt the hungry fry,
See groups along thy margin ſtand,
To watch the luring fly.

XXI.

Or bathing in thy rapid ſwell,
Or buffeting the tide,
Or on ſome pleaſing tale to dwell,
Or baſking on thy ſide.

XXII.

Again to force the flying ball,
The fleeting time prolong;
Feign would they each fond hour recall,
That wander'd ſmoothly on.

XXIII.

Or trimm'd the boat to breaſt the ſurge,
Where whirlpools dimpled ſtray,
Or Clew'r *, thy buxom ſtream to urge,
To cut thy foamy way.

* Clewer—a Village near Windſor on the Banks of the Thames.

Yet

XXIV.

Yet vain thy ſilver'd volumes roll,
To ſtem their force combine,
For know the Muſe's waves controll,
The Nereids woo'd the Nine:

XXV.

Pleaſure, thy currents ſmooth appear!
Yet weary in the chaſe:
When care, alas, brings up the rear,
And chills the warm embrace.

XXVI.

But weak the harp now tun'd to praiſe,
When fed the raptur'd ſight,
When greedy thouſands eager gaze,
Devoured with delight.

When

XXVII.

When triumph hails aloud the joy,
Which on thoſe hours await:
When Montem * crowns the Eton boy,
Long fam'd triennial fete.

XXVIII.

Here roſy health rich colour'd glows,
At morn or ev'ning cool,
As that which Raphael's pencil ſhews,
Or pictur'd Titian's ſchool.

XXIX.

Say, ſhalt not thou Etona boaſt,
The drooping page revive,
While Chatham's † name ſhall live emboſs'd,
Or Camden ‖ ſtill ſurvive.

* Montem,—an inſtitution of ancient date, celebrated every third year.

† Chatham,—the late Lord, received his education at Eton ſchool.

‖ Camden;—this diſtinguiſhed Nobleman was likewiſe educated at Eton.

Full

XXX.

Full ſwoln the fertile cultur'd mind,
Inſpir'd the Patriot ſoul:
Pure as virtuous taſte refin'd,
That dignifies the whole.

XXXI.

Wove in Religion's ſacred folds,
A King's ſtill foſt'ring care;
Smiling from Windſor's height * beholds,
A Royal Nurs'ry here.

XXXII.

Then, as to Heav'n long ſince endear'd,
Extend thy favour'd name;
And like in merit moſt rever'd,
May'ſt thou be found in fame.

* Windſor's height,—from whence Eton appears in a beautiful valley.

O D E

ON

THE KING's RECOVERY.

O D E

ON

THE KING's RECOVERY.

1789.

I.

ALmighty Being! Cauſe and Support of all,
The poor man's refuge, and the Monarch's truſt,
New ſcenes of wonder ſtrike the raviſh'd ſight!
Borne on yon azure cloud, a burniſh'd ray,
Powder'd with gold the white-rob'd milky way;

There Albion's Guardian blooming ſate,
Seated on a throne of ſtate,
In glory clad, like orient Sun,
Hailing the Lord's high will be done.——
Thrice favour'd country, like the gold we're try'd,
Only to prove how far we're purify'd——
Fling back the gates of Heav'n's ſublime abode!
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the road!
A Saviour comes, a miracle ſucceeds.
Britons, thy prayer is heard——
Now let the trump of fame,
Proclaim Jehovah's ſacred name;
To God, triumphant in his wond'rous ways,
In ſongs of univerſal love, in holy praiſe—
See where Britannia, late immerg'd in woe,
Rears her majeſtic head!

While

While roſes white and red intwine,

A garland for the Fair.——

Wafted to earth on ſilver wing,

The Dove deſcends——

A ſtandard bears——

Long live the King——

Long live the King, the vaulted roofs rebound;

God ſave the King, the trembling chords reſound.

Echo caught th' harmonious ſound:

And o'er the vaſt expanſe of ocean led,

The heav'nly theme to diſtant regions fled.

Europe alike inſpir'd,

Virtuous actions, virtue fir'd,

Kingdoms together ſtrove,

Who moſt ſhould prove

How much they honor'd, and how much they lov'd.—

Wide o'er the globe each regal virtue ſtood
Unſhaken, unappall'd.——
Not leſs rever'd, Great Britain's Royal Race,
By Heav'n illumin'd, embaſſies of good!
See where in white-rob'd innocence they lead!
The glory of their ſex——
See where example moſt refin'd majeſtically ſways;
Britain now ſends her patterns to the world.——
Sing then Britain's choiceſt treaſure,
Flowing in her ſweeteſt meaſure,
Let the high ſounding trump proclaim,
England's glory, England's fame—
Kings to Heav'n unite their voice:
Thrice happy people in thy choice:
Brunſwick, thy line untarniſh'd ſhines,
A nation hails thee bleſt——

Thy

Thy Fair Deſcent, great George, ſhall be
Dear to Albion as to thee:
Rouz'd from a ſtate of anarchy and ſleep,
Subjects no more a Father weep——
Strike then the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain!
England's herſelf again.

II.

In gayeſt array,
Britannia diſplay,
Thy banners to heighten the ſcene;
Illumin'd the air,
No longer deſpair,
Not a cottage but brightens the green.

III.

Let each ſhady alcove,
Now ſacred to Love,

Eclipſe the pale Moon with its blaze;
Let Hymen's torch ſhine,
With a luſtre divine,
And light the lone heath with its rays.

IV.

Now foremoſt in wealth,
As a tribute to health,
Each token of loyalty ſhone:
With triumph adorn'd,
No Party but ſcorn'd
Not to ſhew its reſpect to the Crown.—

V.

Avaunt then ev'ry vain deſire!
Let deeds like theſe alone inſpire;
Let Hydra-headed Faction ceaſe;
Let all be harmony and peace.

Eolian

Eolian Bards now bear the ſong
Serenely on the winds along,
To diſtant regions let your voices ring,
Long live the King, God ſave the King,
A Patriot lives—A free-born Monarch reigns.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE RUINS OF A MONASTERY.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE RUINS OF A MONASTERY.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE RUINS OF A MONASTERY.

I.

FAR from the buſy hum, or worldly tale,
From venom'd cenſure, or the voice of mirth;
From wild ambition in this lowly vale,
From cultur'd ſcenes that clothe the ſenſeleſs earth.

Here

II.

Here ſilent reigns a ſovereign repoſe!
No tongue to cheer, to ſooth the penſive hour,
No ſpring to wake the fragrance of the roſe,
As ſoft deſcending breathes the tepid ſhow'r.

III.

No wavy proſpects golden harveſts yield,
A gloom like blotted day obſcures the ſight;
To wither'd ſcenes the pining boſom ſteel'd,
Stoops to the ſolemn privilege of night.

IV.

Sunk in her orb lone mis'ry groans beneath,
Fate adamantine darkling fix'd his throne;
Dwelling among the gloomy realms of death,
Marking theſe hopeleſs regions as his own.

The

V.

The poppy ſcarlet choaks the ribbon'd mead,
That ſpoke luxuriance from yon orient hill;
Bleak chilling blaſts more od'rate growths impede,
And ſadly glides the once tranſparent rill.

VI.

Vain the high mountain airy curl'd the brow,
Vain ſtem'd the ſtorm that 'gainſt the forehead beat;
Or calm'd the drowſy ſtream that flow'd below,
Or ſav'd thy tow'rs, from ah! the wreck of Fate.

VII.

Lo! here the remnant which once lofty ſwell'd,
By time deſpoil'd, now nods its plumy creſt;
Tells by how weak a tenure it was held,
The head reclining on the drooping breaſt.

The

VIII.

The mid-day ſun, that foſt'ring warms the glade,
Through mould'ring chaſms darts a feeble ray,
That ſhoots grey dawning thro' th' affrighted ſhade,
Or loſt itſelf by wand'ring from the day.

IX.

Lighted to Heav'n, thy head ſublime unſhorn,
For length of ages ſtood the harden'd rain;
Religious faſtings, penitential born,
Defy'd of ills th' inevitable train.

X.

Yet hark! no more the ſolemn midnight bell *,
Save what the tinkling fold might leave behind;
To cloiſter'd vigils now a long farewel,
Where holy virgins murm'ring worlds reſign'd.

* Midnight Bell—a Bell that tolled at Midnight for devout Exerciſes.

Loſt

XI.

Loſt now the way, forgotten too the road,
Where bid the beads at ſtated hours of pray'r;
Where peace the hoary comforter beſtow'd,
Where Pilgrims roving hail'd a Sabbath here.

XII.

Thy ſtately pyramids as lab'ring bend,
Saluting chaos with a cold embrace,
While others ſink, ſtill lab'ring to aſcend,
Maintaining awful rev'rence for the place.

XIII.

Pillars, like maſſy foreſts proſtrate hewn,
Like leaves of oak in ancient honours fall;
Stretch'd in huge ruin o'er the moſs-grown ſtone,
Shews time's reſiſtleſs force muſt level all.

Thoſe

XIV.

Thoſe arms that once aſpired to the ſky,
Couch'd like a lion ſlumb'ring in the way,
Waiting the heedleſs trav'ller's paſſing by,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he ſprings his prey.

XV.

With lordly rage confronting tempeſts bore;
Hurl'd thy proud battlements deformed fell;
Let human frailty hence, portray'd, deplore,
Nor brave the menace angry peals foretel.

XVI.

Learn hence, ye Great, nor you, ye Poor, deſpair;
View the vaſt remnant of once boundleſs ſway;
While crumbling winds the humbler cottage ſpare,
Sigh in the breeze, and ſmoothly ſteal away.

View

XVII.

View the carv'd marble heaving from the ground,
Earth felt the ſhock convulſive in her womb,
As tho' th' Archangel's ſolemn Trumpet's ſound,
Awoke the clay-cold tenants of the tomb.

XVIII.

Thro' ſculptur'd iſles moſaic wrought inlaid,
The wily ſerpent darts his forked tongue,
Spoiling the waſte dominions of the dead,
Wreathing the graſs, moves hiſſing ſlowly on.

XIX.

The font emboſs'd with incruſtations hard,
Tub'd through the leaky baſon, pendent ſtole;
While holy thiſtles, mint, and ſcented nard,
Convey'd a thrilling tranſport to the ſoul.

XX.

The Purpled Star * with lineaments divine,
As tho' the rude yet hallow'd ſpot to greet,
Renaſcent wove the ivy'd holy ſhrine,
In all the glory of its paſſion'd ſweet.

XXI.

What impious hand ſhall dare thy bow'rs prophane,
Or wanton caſt the emblem bleſs'd away;
That gems with pearl the dew-drop candy'd rain,
That oozing fragrance bloſſoms in decay.

XXII.

The path that eaſtward led, obſcenely wore,
Where once Religion's heav'n-born precepts ſmil'd,
Beaſts from the rocky cavern hunger'd roar,
Or prowling fierce, the trackleſs haunt defil'd.

* The Paſſion Flower.

Impriſon'd

XXIII.

Impriſon'd gales like captive tyrants howl,
Far from the friendly ſhelter of the barn,
Around th' embowel'd vault the ſcreeching owl
Broods o'er the path grown intricate with thorn.

XXIV.

The ſubterranean dell wolves whelps invade,
Daws wheeling round the darken'd air inſhroud,
Chatt'ring thro' feeble twilight's mellow ſhade,
Obſcur'd the glimm'ring with a feather'd cloud.

XXV.

The Bird of Preſage from the turret's height,
Flapping the Raven pinion, boding roſe;
Croaks thro' the ſtill ſolemnity of night,
To ſpoil the calm that cheers a laſt repoſe.

XXVI.

Lone ſober ev'ning meek with bluſhes ſhews
The tinctur'd glaſs rich burniſh'd to the view;
The Maſter's touch with new-born colour glows,
Warm'd by the moiſture of the falling dew.

XXVII.

Or, when the vivid flaſh, or forked glare
Mocks the pale entrance of th' envelop'd Sun;
As wept his beams, peeps thro' the fractur'd ſquare,
His own more radiant purer ſtreams to ſhun.

XXVIII.

The Bat amphibolous with leathern wing,
Flitting refracts the ſprinkled waning gleam,
That magic waves the Fairy-fancy'd ring,
That peerleſs ſhines, of low'ring night ſupreme.

The

XXIX.

The guggling brook obſtructed ſobbing weeps,
The tear thro' vaſes conſecrated led;
Or pent with rage the fluted column ſweeps,
Drowning the verdure it benignly fed.

XXX.

No ſongſter's dreaming warbling ſtrains repeat,
No leaf impervious ſcreens the cradle neſt;
No zephyr fans the harbinger's retreat,
No breezes rock the infant charge to reſt.

XXXI.

Beneath the pile, or near the ſtagnate pool,
The bloated vermine loathſome poiſon ſpit;
Or fowls of prey, the rav'nous thirſt to cool,
Hov'ring with fear behold thy ramparts ſplit.

XXXII.

Palſy'd and ſilver'd with deſcending age,
Some unſhod father trails the weedy lawn,
Winding this way his fix'd diurnal ſtage,
Half-blind with zeal, long ſince from life withdrawn,

XXXIII.

Mail'd with intrepid virtue, doubts to quell,
Wanders the Maſs, that holy fury paints;
Kneel'd to the Croſs, with ſpeechleſs ſtone to dwell,
With hands uplifted to departed Saints.

XXXIV.

The forlorn Peaſant worn with toil complain'd,
Sang loud his veſpers, ſuperſtition led;
Hard food but ſweet, by upright means obtain'd,
By daily labour earn'd his daily bread.

'Twas

XXXV.

'Twas here the Mendicant's bewilder'd mind
Reviv'd, 'till reaſon may grand truths diſplay,
'Till Chriſt himſelf once more ſhall heal the blind,
And beaming light the darken'd ſoul to day.

XXXVI.

Yet under various forms agreed to own,
At leaſt to mean, when forc'd at Nature's call,
One Pow'r immenſe, that looks complacent down,
One Great, one Beſt, one only Lord of All.

ON A LITTLE GIRL

PLAYING WITH HER SHADOW.

ON

A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING WITH HER SHADOW.

PRETTY little blooming flow'r,
Pageant of the fleeting hour;
Varied beauties ſeem to boaſt,
Which ſhould charm ſpectators moſt;
Garlands round thy temples ſtray,
Fairy Shepherds not more gay.

Nature

Nature in the world's firſt ſpring,
Daily ſhall new off'rings bring;
Spices ſweet as Arab's gale,
Sweet as valley'd ſweets exhale;
Fair as faireſt ſummer fields,
Op'ning flow'rs ſecluſe from winds;
Cheeks like monday roſe o'erſpread,
Glowing with carnation red;
Pure, as alabaſter clear,
Vein'd the panting breaſts appear;
Swan-like neck and ſnowy arms,
Th' infant Venus, full of charms,
Gives the lovely proſpect round,
Paints the ſprite that waves the ground.
Could'ſt thou thus deceitful light!
Could'ſt thou ever charm the ſight!

Cherubs

Cherubs we ſhould think thy ſhade,
Cupids hid in maſquerade,
Want'ning thro' Love's pleaſing wiles,
Copying his celeſtial ſmiles.
Graces ſmooth the playful hours,
Soft as ſighs, and ſweet as ſhow'rs:
Lo! the fond deluſion courts,
Innocent the trifler ſports;
Led the more fantaſtic chaſe,
Coyly baffles the embrace.
Ah! I fear the fickle rover
May deceive the ſanguine lover:
Learn then hence, ah! blooming Dear,
All you ſee is not ſincere;
Some, mayhap, with like diſguiſe,
Seem to yield, yet loath the prize.

Could

Could the dancing phantom ſtay
Thus like ſunſhine all the day;
Then the heart at fancy's call,
Made few wiſhes, feels them all.
Free from anxious cares behind,
That e'er toſs the buſy mind;
Bandy'd up and down by fate,
More unhappy as they're great.
Sudden now the wreath ſhe wore,
Faded fell, and ſtrew'd the floor;
Stay'd awhile the ſtarting tear,
Look, Mamma, what change is here!
See the pretty colours fled!
See the moſſy roſes dead!
Heav'n the cordial drop has thrown,
Life's more nauſeous pill to drown;

Fortune

Fortune foremoſt may appear,
When we view not Fortune near,
When we ſhores in proſpect keep,
Nor truſt th' boat to brave the deep:
Did but infants know the thread,
Fate that's hanging o'er their head,
Fear of death ſuch watch would keep,
Scarce t' admit its image, ſleep;
In the womb content would lie,
Backward to be born as die.
Let not cenſure then diſdain
Thoſe who riper years obtain;
Let not them deſpiſe this view,
They alike a ſhade purſue;
Shadows eager hopes invite,
Specious baubles cauſe delight;

To

To taſte bleſſings here compleat,
All is vain, 'tis all a cheat;
Mortals finite e'er allow'd
Earthly toys, a paſſing cloud:
Know then, dimpled lovely Dear,
Through the rock to ſafely ſteer,
Know t' obey thy Maker's will,
Riſe, unchang'd, an Angel ſtill.

O D E

ON

THE LOSS OF VISION.

O D E

ON

THE LOSS OF VISION.

I.

FIRST-born of Heav'n, thy purpled bed,
Stream'd with high glowing damaſk'd red,
From whence, ah! who can tell:
Around th' horizon ſcatter'd light,
Woke the more ſenſeleſs ſleepy night,
To glad earth's gloomy cell.

II.

Loſt now the rays that might have ſhot
O'er flow'ry lawns to yonder cot,
Where violets paint the mead;
Where cowſlips, or the primroſe pale,
A thouſand beauteous ſweets exhale;
But flow'rs, alas! are dead.

III.

When Nature all her bloom diſplays,
When woods, the timbrel ſound of praiſe,
Yet dawns the year in vain:
Theſe Eyes no more ſhall view the ſpring,
No more the blithe temptation bring,
A brown confuſion reigns.

My

IV.

My groping hands, my only guide,
Entomb'd within the world beſide,
Funereal all my ſight;
Shut from the living while alive,
With loſs of Viſion to ſurvive,
In one eternal night.

V.

O'er meads enamell'd tho' I'm led,
The face of friend and kindred fled,
Faſt barr'd the door of love;
Tho' fields excite the paſtoral ſong,
Tho' mirth the jovial months along,
Yet ah! the web is wove.

VI.

When morn's bright orb reſplendent ſhone
Meridian from his burniſh'd zone,
To me dark clouds prevail;
Extinguiſh'd e'en the brilliant ray
That beautifies departing day,
That gives the radiant veil.

VII.

The panting breaſt that yields delight,
The veſt of ſnow that feeds the ſight,
That woos the modeſt kiſs;
That wantons o'er the coral lip,
That tempts the hive the ſweet to ſip,
Or downy baſks in bliſs.

The

VIII.

The ſtars themſelves not half ſo clear,
In all their glorious pride appear
As Nature form'd for love;
The virgin bluſh that vies with morn,
Fair as when firſt the world began,
Meek, harmleſs as the dove.

IX.

This laſt yet faireſt work of Heav'n,
To chear the weary road was giv'n,
An earthly angel bright;
Yet blaſted, all their honours ſhed,
Like faded trees the bloſſom dead,
One univerſal blight.

X.

Still cloth'd within, no ſudden guſt,
No worldly charms inflame a luſt,
Another's wealth to gain;
No hoary wand'rer pity claims,
Nor poverty in rags complains,
Or mis'ry's woeful train.

XI.

Clos'd tho' each road, each lightſome paſs,
That choak'd the day, that dimn'd the glaſs,
Majeſtic in the gloom;
Like oracles rever'd of old,
To man ſtrange myſt'ries did unfold,
And triumph'd o'er the tomb.

E'en

XII.

E'en when Jehovah Lord did ſtand,
On Horeb's mount, the hallow'd land,
A dark pavillion made;
Thus hid the purer organs ſhine,
With beatifick light divine,
With mental fire array'd.

O D E

IN

COMMEMORATION

OF

THE VICTORY

OBTAINED OVER

THE FRENCH FLEET,

ON THE

FIRST DAY OF JUNE

1794.

ODE

IN

COMMEMORATION

OF

THE VICTORY

OBTAINED OVER

THE FRENCH FLEET, 1794.

I.

LO! th' horizon anger'd flaming,
Dash'd the painted cloud with blood,
Warning gave to man prophaning,
Vengeance soon should stain the flood.

II.

South of Albion's envy'd ſhore,
Borne upon the ſcowling wind,
Flew the crimſon'd clotted gore,
Left the azure pure behind.

III.

Happy iſland, land of freedom,
Haughty tell th' aſtoniſh'd world,
Virtue guards alone a kingdom,
Proſpers ev'ry ſail unfurl'd.

IV.

Favour'd coaſt, by laws protected,
Great, tho' ſmall in Europe's chart,
Cherubs doom'd to ſave elected,
Drown the poiſon, blunt the dart.

Tritons

V.

Tritons round her white cliffs ſporting,
Lightly dancing o'er the foam,
View their oaken city floating,
Pillar'd grand as Corinth's dome.

VI.

High in air the ſtreamer waving,
Peaceful lull'd, becalm'd the deep;
Winds like babes now ſoftly breathing,
Huſh'd the curling wave to ſleep.

VII.

Gradual lower'd the peaceful morn,
Billows mounting lav'd the ſky,
Caught th' infant gale but newly born,
Th' airy conteſt firm to try.

Bellowing

VIII.

Bellowing roll'd the maſſy tide,
Warlike ſhoutings from afar;
Trumpets ſpeaking echoing wide,
Told the near approach of war.

IX.

Rouſed the Lion from his den
Roaring wanders o'er the main,
To meet th' avowed foe to Heav'n,
Gallia's tyrants ſhall be ſlain.

X.

Thundering ſpoke th' embattled cloud,
Angels bore the flaming ſword;
Rites ſacred tainted, ſcream aloud,
Man denies Jehovah God.

Crown'd

XI.

Crown'd divine to guide the fight,
Seated in triumphant car,
Lo Britannia, flaming bright,
Blazing as the morning ſtar.

XII.

See there, ſhe cry'd, experience grey!
Valour juſtifies command;
Let Howe direct the golden way,
Leading Vict'ry by the hand.

XIII.

Quick the bold enſign vaunting high,
Charlotte * wav'd in proud diſplay,
As tho' with Fate itſelf to vie,
With warring deſtiny to play.

* The Queen Charlotte, the name of the ſhip on board of which Lord Howe hoiſted his flag.

XIV.

Cannons roar tempeſtuous fire,
Ocean purpled ſilent ſtood;
Heard ſome favorite child expire,
Sudden bluſh'd with human blood.

XV.

Smoke condens'd obſcures the ſail,
Bullet-rents new moons ſupply;
Through the cloud-like Luna pale,
Light the Brave alone to die.

XVI.

Balls hiſſing ſcorch the darken'd air,
See fell Death his victims crave;
Glib phantoms lurid fork the glare,
Ships the coffin, ſeas the grave.

Hark!

XVII.

Hark! around Vesuvian thunder
Vomits lava in each breath!
Clove the oaken plank asunder,
Raining iron storms of death.

XVIII.

Turgid with woe the tempest strove,
Ships disabled haste to fill;
Imbru'd the reeking remnants drove,
Stain'd the flood that flow'd with ill.

XIX.

Splinters shivered, sheet of fire,
Neptune's em'rald plain with strife,
Shew'd dread Bellona's * sad attire,
Weeping o'er the wrecks of life.

* The Goddess of War.

XX.

Convuls'd the retroſpective breaſt,
Bath'd in blood the ſlipp'ry tread,
Bow'd the more proud, the fallen creſt,
Heap'd o'er mountains of the dead.

XXI.

Headlong deſcending aid to lend,
Uninſur'd himſelf from need,
The pious Tar, to ſave his friend,
Dropp'd in the heavenly deed.

XXII.

Many a Hero's fate foretold,
Gaping wounds themſelves diſplay,
Thro' which the ſtream of life ran bold,
Life in ſcarlet ſtreams away.

Murmurings

XXIII.

Murmurings float like parting tides,
Fatal friendſhip, ſails embrace,
Tilting the bottom crazy'd rides,
Giddy with the circling race.

XXIV.

Wing'd the Etnæan fiery duſt,
Broke the line, the ſhiv'ring lance,
Deſtruction whirls the ſable guſt,
Overthrown the wheel of chance.

XXV.

Harſh the din as conſcious howls,
Pregnant with ſome daring deed,
Like when the Wolf an hunger'd prowls,
Sanguine o'er the daiſy'd mead.

XXVI.

Humbled the Gaul, on bended knee,
Haggar'd ey'd looks wildly out,
Groans length'ning drown the hoarſer ſea;
Hark! for England loud the ſhout.

XXVII.

Fame ſnatch'd the laurel France had wreath'd,
Wreath'd her Conq'ror's brow to twine,
Deſtined, as long ſince bequeath'd,
To crown the lenient foe divine.

XXVIII.

But ah! like flow'rs whoſe leaf with rain
Surcharg'd with ev'ning dew,
Drooping ſalute the thirſty plain,
To greet th' ambroſia new.

Thus,

XXIX.

Thus, tho' Captains ſorely wounded,
Fighting with uncommon ſkill;
Far the cheering word reſounded,
Calm as Sombre deeps, and ſtill.

XXX.

Say, Montague *, when clos'd the eye,
When bid a laſt adieu,
Didſt not thou joyous heave the ſigh,
When victory round thee flew?

XXXI.

Did not thy ſoul, ah! could'ſt thou ſay,
Oppreſs'd with Nature's load,
Burſt from th' impriſon'd cell of clay,
Soar glorying to its God?

* Captain MONTAGUE, a diſtinguiſhed Officer who was killed in the action.

XXXII.

Drifted o'er rocks to bounds extreme,
Far as Nereus' * daughters roam,
Like orient ſands a ſhow'ring ſtream
Falls glittering in the foam.

XXXIII.

Albion, for thee the lab'ring breaſt
Thy victories ſhall purſue,
E'en thought itſelf, by praiſe oppreſt,
Reſigned, full blown, to you.

XXXIV.

For Thee, th' illumin'd loyal crowd
With ſalutations ſtray;
For Thee, with acclamations loud,
Night look'd a wedding day.

* Nereides, Sea Nymphs, the fifty Daughters of Nereus and his Siſter Doris, the Son and Daughter of Oceanus and Thetis.

For

XXXV.

For Thee, the rocket ſtars the ſky,
A meteor there unknown,
Like rivall'd lights bleſt lights defy,
To emulate Heav'n's own.

XXXVI.

Meanwhile around view eyes that ſwim,
View realms inſpir'd approve;
View tears with joy exceed the brim,
That ſpeak a nation's love.

XXXVII.

View names belov'd that fire the ſoul,
That brilliant beam the air;
The ſhout high tow'ring rends the pole,
Loud, clamorous as the war.

Pleas'd,

XXXVIII.

Pleas'd, as tho' nuptial joys await
Superior deeds to wed,
Lo! myrtled round a palace gate,
The Genii roſes ſpread.

XXXIX.

Thrice honour'd Chief, to ſtem the foe
May Heaven thy life prolong;
For he that lives to age muſt know,
Tho' lengthened, he dies young.

XL.

Not ſo with Thee, tho' icy laid,
Yet ripening in the womb;
Mortality itſelf ſhall aid
Thy ſculptured, breathing tomb.

Thus

XLI.

Thus frozen-finger'd Death in ſtore,
Shall beauteous charms convey,
And give to future ages more
Than thoſe he ſnatched away.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

WHEN wearied mortals retire to their reſt,
The man to his couch, and the bird to her neſt,
I dream'd, on my breaſt Cupid ſorrowing lay,
And the bright pretty orbs waſh'd themſelves e'en away;
He moan'd ſo divine, and ſo piteous his look,
'Twould have faded the roſe that adorned my crook.
Methought that I aſk'd him, alas! why he wept?
Why deeply he ſigh'd, tho' ſo downy he ſlept?

Ah

Ah me! I ſoon found he'd eſtabliſh'd a throne,
What then muſt I feel when he ſaid, I'm undone.
As reclin'd on th' bank 'neath the lone myrtle ſhade,
Where th' orange and citron embalmed the glade,
He told me, Amintor had ſtolen his bow,
Had pinion'd his wings, and then rude bid him go;
His quiver brim full too he plac'd by his ſide,
And ſtripp'd him at once of his valour and pride.
Ev'n bloſſoms ſweet falling lamented his ſtate,
And th' ſtreamlet complaining bewailed his fate:
Alarm'd then I cry'd, it was ſurely thy dart,
The twang of thy bow that ſo deep pierc'd my heart.
O grant me this one, this one only requeſt:
You ſhall be reveng'd, and I wretched be bleſt;
Thy wings I'll unpinion, quick ſet thee at eaſe,
And thou ſhalt at liberty fly where you pleaſe.

The

The urchin reply'd, Who dare doubt what you aſk?
To me, your devoted, can e'er be a taſk?
Then all I require, and ſweet Cherub you're free,
Amintor to wound that he may die for me.
The ſoft ſilken fetter I ſpeedy unty'd,
Wip'd th' tear from his eye, and on Cupid rely'd.
Swift mounting expanded his gay golden wing,
Fann'd ſoft the mild breeze which breath'd fragrant as ſpring;
When ſudden high bounding a ſmart ſtopp'd my breath,
Like the deer newly ſtricken embracing his death;
My ſenſes were fled, and I ſcarcely could ſpeak,
And th' peach left the down-feather'd bluſh on my cheek;
How could I, fond Maid, the ſly wanton believe,
Thus tutor'd to bleſs us, yet born to deceive.
Heigho! anger'd waking I found that the knave,
Inſtead of Amintor had made me the ſlave.

THE MAID OF ALBION.

THE MAID OF ALBION.

I.

LO! ev'ning departed on wings of brunette,
O'er ſands diſconcerted I rov'd,
Stripp'd th' em'rald of gold, for blithe ſunſhine was ſet,
And ſomething ſweet told me I lov'd.

II.

Pale Cynthia aroſe from her tomb o'er the main,
Soft trembling her ſilver light gave;
Thin clouds of white ſatin rich ſpangled her train,
And deck'd with bright diamonds the wave.

III.

In ſilence all Nature was huſh'd in faſt ſleep,
Old Ocean was ſcarce heard to roar;
The dreary wave nodded as rock'd by the deep,
And ſleepy, roll'd laving the ſhore.

IV.

Ah me! now the warrior of triumphs may dream,
The ſilk downy bed may invite;
Reſtore the ſick maid, but alas! my ſad theme,
Breaks th' calm and the ſtillneſs of night.

V.

'Twas near to this ſpot where I ſaw him embark,
Love's enſign, a handkerchief, flew;
Bedew'd with my tears, the light ſoon became dark,
I could not once bid him adieu.

Yet

VI.

Yet dearer to me than ev'n ſight to the eye,
Than day, or to miſers their gold,
Than life to the man who is fearful to die,
Than reſt to the wearied and old.

VII.

As true as the needle that points to the Pole,
As chaſte as the Dove to her mate;
As tides to the Moon when defying control,
So true is pure love at the height.

VIII.

Then lead me, blind God, o'er rude deſarts and bare,
The myrtle with laurel to wreath;
While, raving with pleaſure, I ruſh in the ſnare,
To conqueſt, or kiſs him in death.

IX.

Tho' fowls of the air from their quarters ſhould fly,
Tho' cowards gaze pallid with fear,
I'll woo the black ſmoke that deforms the blue ſky,
Know all that a great mind ſhould bear.

X.

Like chariots loud ſounding earth ſhakes with the jar,
That ſpiral ſwims bowling above;
That fir'd the wing'd axle as urg'd by the war,
The wheel of the chariot of Jove.

XI.

Thro' the tine livid flaſh gleam'd a white ſheet unfurl'd,
A breeze riſing favour'd my flight,
Thro' the tempeſt like him who portray'd the new world,
Knew t' conquer, I muſt dare to fight.

Undaunted

XII.

Undaunted I ſpurn'd my ſilk treſſes aſide,
A leathern belt form'd me a zone;
Inliſted to ſave, and to fight by his ſide,
And bring my lov'd WILLIAM ſafe home.

XIII.

My heart led to glory, my pride to obey,
Tho' morn ſcarlet deep bluſh'd in blood;
Thirſt of honour inſpir'd, and virtue the way,
Made ſoldier-like hardſhips withſtood.

XIV.

Bleſt Albion, thy Prince ſhall to Europe impart
A ſhout, by the Patriot approv'd;
While Fame runs before him he ſteals on the heart,
The million ſhall hail him belov'd.

In

XV.

In th' moment of battle, diſtracted the thought,
Groans deep'ning encircled the plain,
Thro' ranks for my WILLIAM I eagerly ſought,
And found him, alas! with the ſlain.

XVI.

Damp agued the blaſt, and high fever'd the ſun,
But what ſtamps a mortal divine?
Tho' th' chaplet of honour by Mars may be won,
Yet th' triumph of Love ſhall be mine.

XVII.

I preſs'd the pale lip, then with tears waſh'd the wound,
Perceiv'd that his ſenſes were fled;
The drum to me muffled repeated the ſound,
Woke him, as if roſe from the dead.

A bluſh

XVIII.

A bluſh bath'd his cheek tho' diſturb'd from a dream,
Tumultuous, that rifled his peace;
The lamp faſt expiring cold palſied the ſtream,
The ray waning told the decreaſe.

XIX.

Thus grappling with life, ſtill I found him at reſt,
Sure Angels compoſed his mind;
To wiſh for his ſtay then, ah no! my poor breaſt,
So ſelfiſh a thought could not find.

XX.

Confuſed I heard, yes I'm ſure that he ſaid,
From death as endeav'ring to ſpring,
Adieu, my dear Girl, ah! thou fond fooliſh maid,
God ſave my MARIA and KING.

Now

XXI.

Now closing his eyes, and half mad with despair,
Her heart with his bursting gave way;
Wip'd soft the red scar, and the clots from his hair,
With him breath'd her soul too away.——

O D E

ON THE

INTENDED MARRIAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ODE

ON THE

INTENDED MARRIAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

WIDE o'er the vaſt the rolling tide,
Neptune billowed, awful drove
O'er boiling ſurge, in ſurly pride,
Majeſtick from his coral grove:

The

The milk-white ſteed with looſen'd rein,
With ſmoky noſtril, flowing mane,
Daſh'd the ſamphired cliff with froth,
Breaſting the wave's reſiſtleſs wrath;
The ſwelling note Æolian ſtrung,
Breathed th' enraptur'd ſounds along.
The raving foam,
Forbad to roam,
On this his lov'd Britannia's home.—

II.

Haſte the ſtately Yacht prepare,
High the Royal Standard rear,
Virtue conſenting leans her wand,
To hail an all-approving land;——
BRUNSWICK, thy Line ſupreme ſhall reign!
Exulting ages rear thy name:——

Hark!

Hark! around Britain's inſulated ſhore,
As by divine command, the ſignal to unmoor;
In ſtrains of Freedom that unbounded roves,
Pure as that ſtream of Liberty it loves.

III.

Siſters Nine your hours employ,
Wreath the golden wreath of joy,
Such as of old Æneas wore,
When he from Latium the rich conqueſt bore.
A Prince alike his Country's care,
From kindred ſhores demands the Fair.——
Lo where Oceanus, worn by time, appears
Now newly ſhorn in bloom of gaudy years!
Shrill as a piping boy, the ſhell
Blaſts o'er his own Cerulean dell.

Let the full ſounding trumpet ſpeak!
Thro' the denſe cloud reiterating break——
——Through Æther burſt——Tell it afar,
Let it alone Republicans annoy,
A Monarch glories in his people's joy,
England the prop of Peace—the Thunderbolt of war.

IV.

Zephyrs ſweet as Arab's breeze,
Waft the bark acroſs the ſeas,
Loveliest Goddeſs, modeſt dreſt,
Calm the reſtleſs wavy breaſt;
Let thy turtles guide the ſail,
Winn'wing fan the buxom gale;
Let ſoft flowing tides ariſe,
Greeting wide the laughing ſkies;

Let

Let thy ſtar to ſteer by night,

Shine with orient luſtre bright.

V.

Girt with a radiant zone,

Beneath the kingly ſhelter of the oak

Shoot plants, the wonder of a future age;

The Royal Siſters into beauty blown—

Like chaff the weed unhallow'd flies,

A foreſt blooms to reach the ſkies.

VI.

What land or what nation now under the ſun,

Throughout the known world has Great Britain outdone;

Lo England from Brunſwick tranſplanted a roſe,

By nature ſo fragrant new ſweets ſhall diſcloſe.

Where Windſor's mild ſhade boaſts the ſacred retreat,
Where Greatneſs retires to be more truly great;
Where bleſt in an offspring, illuſtrious the race,
The Guardians of Liberty, Emblems of Peace;
Such graces cæleſtial each maid muſt refine,
Stamp Albion thy daughters with beauties divine,
So pure and unſullied, untainted by ſin,
So angelic without, muſt be Angels within;
More bleſt and more happy in virtues alone,
Than in all the gay ſplendor that dazzles a throne.
No wonder then nations, tho' rivals, ſhould ſtrive,
Hither ſwarm like th' Bee to cull ſweets for the hive.

VII.

Strike then the regal harp—the drums,
Shed Syrian odors—melt Arabian gums;

Let

Let the ſun ſhine a golden day,
Clear as the Lactæan way;
Heaven now bids the world rejoice,
The good man's prayer,
Great Britain's heir,
Now to the altar leads a father's choice——
From ſovereign chaſtity derives his birth,
Adds light to light, and mingles worth with worth.
Brazen cannons thundering roar,
Whirl the ſand that gems the ſhore.——
In honour of the day,
Give all Europe holiday;
Chill the wolf that rends the fleece,
And bleſs again the anxious world with Peace.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

——— Sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
HOR. Sat. 6. Lib. 2.

HAIL happy Village, hail that ſacred grove,
Where EMMA's bluſhes bloom'd in HENRY's love,
Where NEWTON ſtudied, where th' immortal Bard,
Miltonick ſtruck the grand inſpiring chord,
Soaring to Heav'n, immeaſurable ſpan,
Paints the once bliſs, portrays the fall of man.

Hail

Hail happy tenant of yon rural ſhade,
Ye fields, ye bow'rs, for contemplation made,
Where the high tow'ring lordly manor ſeat
Looks down on all, to give to all retreat;
Where lofty oaks in rude umbrageous form
Shelter the caſtle, and defy the ſtorm:
In palaces like theſe e'en Monarchs reign'd,
Securely ſlept, and Angels entertain'd,
Till reſtleſs beings, covetous of ſtore,
Fathom'd the mine, and graſp'd the precious ore;
Contentment barter'd for diſſembling gold,
The wolf was left to prey upon the fold;
Cities were built, meek virtue went aſtray,
And vice eclips'd the ſunſhine of the day.
Still happy ſeat of innocence and eaſe,
Of harmleſs frolick, and of laſting peace;

Thy

Thy rural ſhades the rural mind invites,
And Nature dictates what the heart indites;
No din of war, no thirſt of pow'r alarms,
And Britiſh freedom Britain's ſubjects warms.
Thus, when at dawn th' accuſtom'd carols ring,
Hodge ſmiling whiſtles, Long live GEORGE the King.
Sorrows unknown, ſave when at ev'ning cloſe,
Sad Philomela tunes her midnight woes;
Tunes ſweet diſtreſſes to remind the beſt,
That nought on earth makes man completely bleſt.
Yet calm as th' infant rock'd, no cries awake,
When reaſon leads us thro' life's thorny brake,
When unexampl'd virtue gains renown,
When vice can lay each bright temptation down.
Hark! where beneath the ſummit of yon hill,
The reed ſonorous to the purling rill,

Palemon

Palemon tunes love's animating ſtrain,
The cattle browſing on the verdant plain
Liſten attentive, and the tinkling flock,
Quit the cool ſhelter of the ſtony rock.
Lull'd with chaſte harmony th' inſpired breeze
Forbore to ruffle e'en the poplar trees,
Save that which echo gave the trembling leaf,
Thus princely honour'd was Pan's ruſtick Chief.
But ah! what ſtrain deſcribe, what language aid,
Collina's charms, Feronia's * dove-ey'd maid:
She, while Palemon nurs'd the ſilver fold,
Sweet child of love, felt all the God foretold;
Her crook with bloſſoms wild was ſtudded o'er,
Knots of white ribbon wove the hedge-blown flow'r,
Her cheeks like roſes unimpair'd by time,
Her lips like Kentiſh cherries in their prime:

* A Goddeſs of Woods.

Her

Her boſom heav'd a ſigh, was heard to ſtray,
Collina vanquiſh'd, ſudden ſwoon'd away.
Love too ſhe ſang, ſo pure the virgin dreſt,
That e'en the Robin plum'd his crimſon breaſt;
Her words like flakes of milk-white feather'd ſnow,
Melted as falling on the neighb'ring bough.
To Nature's warblers what muſt mankind owe?
Tell me, Collina, thou alone canſt know.
No parents here their dread commands impoſe,
But where love dictates, love reſigns the roſe.
Together train'd the fleecy charge to tend,
Virtues triumphant grace the boſom friend;
Love ever pure in infancy began,
The ſpark increaſing till it blaz'd in man.
No village Fair Palemon's love ſupplants,
He nothing covets, and ſhe nothing wants,

Waſh'd

Waſh'd by the roſy goddeſs blooming Health,
The bearded product golden gives them wealth.
Palemon rears the cot, 'gainſt winds prepare,
While the ſock lamb is fair Collina's care.
Nor woe they knew, ſave what the lambkin told,
When ſtray'd by chance, a bleat diſturbs the fold,
At ſight of her the lowing herd would ſpeed,
To pay their tribute for the daiſy'd mead;
Rob'd in her laylock ſkirt and primroſe veſt,
No courtly beauty more divinely dreſt:
Tho' Sunday clad, Collina not too fine
To pen the flock, to milk the yielding kine,
Hoard the rich treaſure of th' induſtrious bee,
Palemon Shepherd, Shepherdeſs was ſhe;
Palemon placid, never thought amiſs
When he beheld a larger crop than his.

Vain

Vain ſprouts the corn, ſtill vain the burthen'd ſtore,
If bleſs'd abundance makes us wiſh for more;
But if content, how mild, how calm thy ray,
How pure the thought, how happy ſhines the day—
Mark where the buſh ſweet Maia ſpeaks the ſpring,
The timid bird eſſays the tender wing,
Burſting in glory o'er the pregnant earth,
To feed the ſap, give vegetation birth;
Sol ſplendid roſe his daily courſe to run,
The twig to paint, that bows to meet the ſun.
The grateful glebe like olive green the ſhoot,
The bloom the orchard ſpeaks the promis'd fruit.
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill,
The cryſtal brook ſupplies the neighb'ring mill;
The verdant meads with modeſt cowſlips crown'd,
The vi'lets purpled ſhed their odours round;

The

The full milch'd ewe the yellow'd fields adorn,
The full-blown fence now ſeems to bleach the thorn.
The thruſh melodious courts the latent briar,
The ſongſters woodland join the rural quire;
Thrice happy ſpot to contemplation dear,
Like charming May you charm us all the year.—
Lo! where the hamlets ivy'd Gothick tow'r,
With merry peals ſalute th' auſpicious hour,
With ſounds that thro' the chearful village bear,
The happy union of ſome wedded pair;
The modeſt look forbade a thought to ſin,
Without how lovely, lovelier ſtill within;
The veſtal zone which bound her ſlender waiſt,
With valley'd lilies fair Aminta grac'd.
The wedding cake now thro' the ring was led,
The ſtocking thrown acroſs the nuptial bed.

The

The wheaten ear was ſcatter'd near the porch,
The green broom bloſſom'd ſtrew'd the way to church.
Now Sunday come, at ſtated hour of prayer,
Or rain or ſhine, the happy couple there.
Where nymphs and ſwains in various colours dight,
Gave pleaſing contraſt to the modeſt white.
Yet early taught when for the Temple dreſt,
The plainer garb became the Damſel beſt.
Peerleſs in native innocence array'd,
The Bridegroom led the newly-brided Maid.
The conſtant village follow'd debonair,
Perfection knew not ſhe was half ſo fair—
Behold yon Elms that grace the ſacred road!
High rais'd, that leads to God's ſublime abode.
The Church, bleſs'd manſion of ſerene delight,
Where groves of yew obſtruct the hallow'd ſight.

Spreading lone ſhelter to the ſolemn gloom,
Shedding their crimſon'd berries on the tomb;
The cooling breeze on lofty Alders play'd,
The nodding Cyprus form'd the holy ſhade.
With reverential awe, and look ſelect,
The broad-brimm'd beaver e'er commands reſpect.
Envy in vain could his perfections taint,
So liv'd on earth, he ſure were born a ſaint;
Not ev'n a Stoick dare his virtues ſcan:
A truly rev'rend, and religious man.
His words attention every where diffus'd,
Foſter'd the good, the bad alone accus'd:
His ſoul with honeſt zeal was daily arm'd,
His precepts cheriſh'd, and his virtues warm'd;
His doctrine ſuch as practice ſoundly wrought,
Himſelf an image of the truths he taught.

He

He bore Heav'n's great commiſſion in his look;
The tithe demands, but ne'er the poor forſook.
Settled diſputes, what little had to ſpare,
He gave t' increaſe want's ſolitary fare.——
See where the village rang'd in comely row,
With hat in hand, and bowing humbly low,
The Squire attend until he comes to church,
Silent they ſtand, encircled round the porch.
Not that they ever for his Worſhip wait,
He knows the time, and never comes too late.
The ſervice o'er, the health enquires of all,
And our good Vicar dines at Felix Hall.—
Next morn I ween the village charter'd Fair,
A day that's ne'er forgot throughout the year:
Soon as the lark expands her auburn fan,
Foretelling day, before the day began,

Then Jehu Ball, re-echos down the lane,
Crack goes the whip, and rattling ſounds the chain.
With tinkling bells the ſtately beaſt grown proud,
Champs on the bit, and neighing roars aloud.
The bridles dotted o'er with many a flow'r,
The ſix team'd waggon forms a leafy bow'r;
Young Damon whiſtled to Dorinda's ſong,
The fiddle tuneful play'd the time along.
At length arriv'd, the ſtatute fills the Fair,
Dorcas and Lydia, Bella too was there:
Favours and gauzes, variegated gay,
Punch loudly ſqueaks, the drum proclaims the play.
The pole high rear'd, the dance, the gambol, ſhew'd
Mirth and diverſion to the gaping crowd:

Sam

Sam with broad ſmile, and Poll with dimpled face,
Revers'd the apron *, ſhews ſhe wants a place.
The race in ſacks, the quoit, the circling reel,
While Prue more thoughtful buys a ſpinning wheel.
The grinning Andrew perch'd on folly's ſtool,
Proves th' artificial, not the natural fool.
For Hodge declares he thinks, devoid of art,
He muſt be wiſe, who acts ſo well his part!—
View now the vet'ran father of the fold!
By Temp'rance nurs'd, one hundred years had told.
A Britiſh ſoldier pious, prone to pleaſe,
Retired here to end his days in peace:
Soon as he came to join the jocund throng,
A lane was form'd through which he march'd along.

* Revers'd the apron.—A whimſical cuſtom at a Country Fair.

Shoulder'd his ſtick, with upright gait he led,
The many follow'd to King William's head:
For he himſelf, had for King William bled.

But yet with him, not deem'd a welcome gueſt,
Unleſs forbearance dwelt within his breaſt:
This wholeſome precept was enforc'd to all,
The Squire put down each other place of call;
For if o'erta'en, the Vicar ſure would chide,
As ſuch, his Worſhip ſuffer'd none beſide:
Th' landlord knew his taſk without being bid,
The beer high laughing overflow'd the lid,
His pipe he ſmok'd, drank to King George's health,
Deſpiſing all the luxury of wealth,
Obſerve he ſaid, This day I ſhall command!—
Th' attentive Peaſant wond'ring took his ſtand:

While

While on an oaken table ſmear'd with beer,
Trac'd with his pipe, the center, front, and rear,
Brandiſh'd his ſtaff, diſplay'd each honor'd ſcar,
And eager told whate'er he knew of war.
The ſiege deſcrib'd, the memorable plain,
And zealous fought each battle o'er again:
Now ready ſhew'd where he in ambuſh lay,
Tempting the fortune of ſome doubtful day;
Here then he cried! ſee there the open heath!
Where brazen trumpets rang the peal of death.
Here, though ſurrounded, Britain ſcorn'd to yield,
And thunder'd through the tempeſt of the field.
Vaunting ſo number'd thoſe in battle ſlain,
Time ſeem'd diſbanded, youth reſtor'd again:
Sudden now palſied ſhook his hoary head,
And wept to think how many brave lay dead.

Sorely lamented o'er another can,
That honor's purchas'd by the blood of man.
He paus'd, retreated from the well known ſhore,
The barren road grown fat with human gore.
Yet to one cauſe exclaim'd all battles tend:
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.—
——Lo brumal ev'ning not to feaſts obſcene,
The rural tribe their rural race convene;
The cricket chirps; the pantomimic ray,
Diverts with Giant ſtrides the fabled way,
The long mile ſhortens, while the length'ned tale,
Grows rich in fancy, as the ſhades prevail;
The glow worm's ſpangles ſpot the fairied road,
That leads to Virtue's ever bleſs'd abode:
While Cynthia pale reveals the plighted bluſh,
Wheels her wan courſe, and frolicks round the buſh.

Happy

Happy alike when Summer's ſolar ray,
Converts the ripen'd graſs to wither'd hay;
When the cool ſtream ſoft murm'ring rolls her wave,
Silver'd invites her wanton ſons to lave;
Or 'neath ſome ſhady damaſk'd vale retreat,
Where jeſſ'mine arbors ſcent the moſs-grown ſeat;
Where fragrant ſuckles weave their lengthen'd bine,
Where briar'd ſweets with roſeate ſweets intwine.
Glad'ning the morn, to pleaſing tales invite,
Grateful viciſſitude of day and night;
Or when autumnal joys enrich the field,
And golden products golden harveſts yield;
Here ſcarce a weed among the corn is found,
So cultur'd well this little ſpot of ground:
Or when the Squire's known huntſman wakes the morn
With hollow ſhrill, or more enliv'ning horn;

With

With ſtern erect when Snowball ſnuffs the air,
Drags on the Fox, or finds the circling Hare;
Or when old Pero hunts beneath the copſe,
Or Doll more daring, in the clover ſtops;
Each proud to ſhew the Squire what ſport they can,
Hob marks the bird, and Ralph the chaſe had ran.
No din was heard of ſtrict manorial right,
His wiſh their pleaſure, their's was his delight.
When he appear'd no tongue their joy could tell,
Happy to ſee, to hear, his Honor's well.
Meanwhile at home blithe innocently gay,
Papa's own image, ſkips the time away.
Diverſions manlike preſs his feeble mind,
Acts as he acts, and as he thinks inclin'd.
If left to chooſe, a horſe becomes his choice,
This he prefers to all his other toys;

In

In hopes e'er long a ſportſman to become,
Rides on a ſtick, and travels round the room.
Till tir'd at length, and having ran his courſe,
Down goes at once the rider and his horſe;
Some ridge the carpet, or ſome fatal ſhred,
Miſhap had thrown young maſter o'er his head.—
Still happy village, when bleak Winter's blaſt,
Makes mankind thankful for the ſeaſons paſt;
When fields and groves, no longer form'd to cheer,
The rude, tho' thoughtful ev'ning of the year.
Yet the glad Peaſant innocent of ills,
With ſtudious care the fertile fallow tills:
The well ſtock'd market reaps from hence ſupplies,
The pamper'd earth reſigns her hidden prize.
While born to labour the more aged ſwain,
Example gives to all the youthful train.

He

He good old man had never learn'd to roam,
His longeſt journey ne'er five miles from home;
Hoary with age he breath'd his native air,
Nor wiſh imbib'd beyond his elbow chair.
Daily the leſſons and the collect read,
At ev'ning chimes the trembling taper led;
Nor yet forgot his long lov'd annual feaſt,
The Pilgrim's Progreſs, once a year at leaſt.
The mind carouſing no fond thought invades,
To break the calm that lulls her peaceful ſhades.
But orient like, the daily labour done,
All golden riſes with the ſetting ſun;
Which tho' faſt ſhelving o'er yon ſnow topt hill,
Gives all the warmth more genial climes inſtil:
Though Heav'n's great lamp declines his brighter rays,
Love crowns the night, and ſhortens winter days.

No

No humours here infeſt the purer blood,
No dreams, ſole cauſe of more voluptuous food,
That rend the curtains of the damaſk bed,
The reſtleſs caſe by dark intemp'rance fed.
But the meek houſewife adds with prudent ſtrife,
To nature's charms, what moſt embelliſh life:
She matron form'd each rural joy to crown,
Softneſs ſuperior to the bed of down;
To teach by ſweet example's ſov'reign ſway,
Her Girls to ſew, her Boys to earn their play;
To teach that toil alone can ſtill the grief,
Without the pain of aſking for relief.
Train'd by her hand the Perecanther ſpread,
Mantling the caſement with its cluſter'd red:
The 'kerchief pinn'd, the modeſt cap put on,
The needle threaded, rural duty done:

The

The redden'd brick, the clean wash'd ſanded door,
The luſty bantling, grappling on the floor.
The dreaming lurcher ſtretch'd before the fire,
Driving the game to meet the deſtin'd wire;
Runs the bare path the harmleſs ſheep had made,
Now ſprung the ſnare, now darting thro' the glade;
Bruſhes the ſlope, aſcends the craggy rock,
Wakes the ſtill muſick of the ſlumb'ring flock;
With quiv'ring limb purſues the tim'rous flight,
As ſhock'd at deeds that ſhun the glare of light;
Wreathing the neck, ſore grinds the fated prize,
Then licks the wound by which the victim dies:
While o'er his back Grimalkin's am'rous play,
Foretells, tho' fair, to-morrow's rainy day.
And haughty Mag by all the vale confeſt,
Undaunted ſtruts a robber from the neſt:

Raps

Raps at the coop, disturbs the speckled Queen,
The choice Sultana, Lady of the Green;
Peep'd though the chamber of her pregnant wing,
The feather'd promise of the early spring:
T' engage prepar'd the ruffled Partlet stood,
Screening the fondling of her latter brood;
The comb grew coral, and the pointed spear,
Arms the mail'd heel, half rais'd to guard the rear.
Like when a charger for the battle strong,
Disdains the curb to force the ranks along;
Th' eye streak'd with blood 'gainst th' adverse army neighs,
Bristles the mane, and all the line surveys;
Flaming with ire the scarlet nostrils blow,
Spurns the plough'd sand, and vaults to meet the foe.
The crested Heroine thus with sudden bound,
With hollow sounding pinion scores the ground:

The

The breaſt in diſcord bath'd and pent with rage,
Burſts thro' the railing of the ozier cage:
At length th' aſſailant vanquiſh'd, ſprawling lay,
And left the Dame ſole empreſs of the day.
With conſcious preference now, and haughty ſtride,
She calls the youthier, perking by her ſide;
To where again, within the wicker ſpace,
The crowing lineage court the warm embrace,
Where conſtant near the chimney corner fed,
With crumbs that fell from off the children's bread.
Here our own Suſan daily told her gain,
Proud of the ſplendor of her milk white train.
But lo! extinguiſh'd light's pale ſhiv'ring ray,
Clos'd the laſt remnant of the wearing day;
O'er the dark concave world's illumin'd glow,
Bright'ning the forehead of the Negro brow:

Snarling

Snarling the cur ſteals ſneaking to his watch,
To greet his maſter poſted near the latch;
And the fond mother not leſs anxious ſate,
To catch the wearied whiſtle at the gate:
The clock to count, that in the parlour clicks,
To hear the cuckoo ſing the hour of ſix:
Then blames the mimic bird's deceiving cry,
The bird that told, what ſhe deteſts, a lie.
For had not fleeting time's revolving ſtroke
Whirl'd the braſs axle of the rolling ſpoke.
Pattern of truth, e'er now Tray's ſteady tongue,
Climbing the bank, had thro' the welkin rung;
Still where domeſtick care the hours employ,
The moment's trouble yields a certain joy.
When pleaſing heard the well known tread approach
The pot has boil'd, the kilderkin abroach:

When wing'd ſhe flies to ſee if ſhe can trace
The new-born joy that plaits his honeſt face;
The ſav'ry oven's wholeſome banquet ſpread,
Which the rich golden neighb'ring fields had fed:
Sweet glean, that dreads nor iron hand of pow'r,
Nor gripe of wealth, that would that right devour:
Bleſſ'd huſbandman, thy hope, thy legal ſpoil,
The heav'nly product of thy ſultry toil;
That heaps with ſtore th' unenviable board,
That ſmiles obedience to the ruſtic lord;
The blazing hearth, the fam'd hiſtorick tale,
Warms the briſk tankard of the home-brew'd ale.
Prattling between theſe intervals of bliſs,
The playful Infant courts the Father's kiſs:
Climbs o'er his knee, and gently ſtrokes his cheek,
Feign would ſay ſomething could it only ſpeak.

Learn

Learn hence, ye proud, that happineſs can dwell
Supreme, beyond the pow'r of words to tell;
Where the brown loaf more ſolid gladneſs gives,
Than Greatneſs, thou, thy luxury receives.
But ah! what means yon doleful ſound of woe?
Proceſſion moving, melancholy ſlow.
The Vicar leads the ſolemn dirge to join,
The Village pair'd unite in ſong divine;
Chaunting the hundredth pſalm—The fun'ral knell,
Foretold th' old Soldier, old Acaſto fell.
Alas! alas! the neighbours far and near,
Haſten to deck the good Acaſto's bier:
The pall was borne by Shepherds—ſix were told,
That grac'd this ancient Father of the Fold.
The belt that girt his body to the war,
The huge broad ſword, that gave the deadly ſcar:

Like trophies led to where his Fathers ſlept,
The 'Squire was there, and all the Village wept.
The Vicar's text, from that he never ſwerv'd,
Which gave him all the merit he deſerv'd:
Exceſs, nor Winter's blaſt deſtroy'd his life,
Like Autumn fruit he fell when over ripe.
Conſcious no force, nor flight itſelf could ſave,
Where cowards mingle with the fallen brave:
Life though he valu'd, not afraid to die,
Reſign'd its comforts, nor yet heav'd a ſigh.
Dying bequeath'd, though not on marble ſtone,
An epitaph, that might have graced one:
This to the Village left, 'twas all he had,
To cheer the good, to reconcile the bad.
While living, gave, whate'er he had to give,
As ſuch, alas! 'twas all he had to leave.—

EPITAPH.

In this bleſs'd vale Acaſto drew his breath!
Here too undaunted, dauntleſs ſmil'd at death:
Prudence, directreſs of his little ſtore,
Oft' left a little for the needy poor:
Temp'rance to man beſt gift he early ſought,
Follow'd the path which Wiſdom ſoundly taught.
This length of days to old Acaſto gave,
This ſpar'd ſo long his body from the grave:
Spar'd him perhaps t' adorn ſome future page,
When record tells, one hundred years of age.
With manly fortitude, with decent ſtrife,
He war'd againſt the varied ills of life,
Then Soldier-like each earthly dart defy'd,
Thought he'd liv'd long enough, and nobly died.

Shepherds attend! like him at close of night,
When ev'ning blushes with departed light;
When the Rose* brightens as the sun grows low,
And Death with gentle hand inflicts the blow;
When the lone sheep retires beneath the shade,
From storms recluse for contemplation made,
Think on Acasto, stay the passing tear,
Nor dread the thought of dissolution near.
Tho' frail existence with unwearied pace,
Points to eternity's unbounded space,
Still life's last slumbers garland crown'd shall wait,
To glad thy passage to a future state.
The soul reviving shall each glory meet,
And feel its own, its own inspired sweet.

* The Evening Primrose.

Cold

Cold though the breeze, the bark with ſail unfurl'd,
Shall waft Thee ſoaring to th' immortal world.
While here with comfort unperceiv'd decay,
Life, ſweetly ſlumb'ring, ſoftly ſteals away.——

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.